Σκία νυκτὸς.

THE SHADOVV OF NIGHT: CONTAINING TWO POETICALL HYMNES,

Deuiſed by *G. C. Gent.*

Verſus mei habebunt aliquantum Noctis.
Antilo.

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TO MY DEARE AND MOST VVORTHY FRIEND MASTER MATHEW ROYDON.

IT is an exceeding rapture of delight in the deepe ſearch of knowledge, (none knoweth better then thy ſelfe ſweet *Mathew*) that maketh men manfully indure th'extremes incident to that *Herculean* labour: frō flints muſt the *Gorgonean* fount be ſmitten. Men muſt be ſhod by *Mercurie*, girt with *Saturnes* Adamantine ſword, take the ſhield from Pallas, the helme from *Pluto*, and haue the eyes of *Grea* (as *Heſiodus* armes *Perſeus* againſt *Meduſa*) before they can cut of the viperous head of benumming ignorance, or ſubdue their monſtrous affections to moſt beautifull iudgement.

How then may a man ſtay his maruailing to ſee paſſion-driuen mē, reading but to curtoll a tedious houre, and altogether hidebownd with affection to great mēs fancies, take vpon them as killing cenſures as if they were iudgements Butchers, or as if the life of truth lay tottering in their verdits.

Now what a ſupererogation in wit this is, to thinke skil ſo mightilie pierſt with their loues, that ſhe ſhould proſtitutely ſhew thē her ſecrets, when ſhe will ſcarcely be lookt vpō by others but with inuocatiō, faſting, watching; yea not without hauing drops of their ſoules like an heauenly familiar. Why then ſhould our *Intonſi Catones* with their profit-rauiſht grauitie eſteeme her true fauours ſuch queſtionleſſe vanities, as with what part ſoeuer thereof they ſeeme to be ſomething delighted, they queimiſhlie commende it for

a pretie toy. Good Lord how ſerious and eternall are their Idolatrous platts for riches! no maruaile ſure they here do ſo much good with them. And heauen no doubt will grouill on the earth(as they do)to imbrace them. But I ſtay this ſpleene when I remember my good *Mat.* how ioyfully oftētimes you reported vnto me,that moſt ingenious *Darbie*, deepe ſearching *Northumberland*,and skill imbracing *heire of Hunſdon* had moſt profitably entertained learning in thēſelues, to the vitall warmth of freezing ſcience,& to the admirable luſter of their true Nobilitie, whoſe high deſeruing vertues may cauſe me hereafter ſtrike that fire out of darkneſſe,which the brighteſt Day ſhall enuie for beautie. I ſhould write more,but my haſting out of towne taketh me from the paper, ſo preferring thy allowance in this poore and ſtrange trifle,to the paſport of a whole Cittie of others, I reſt as reſolute as *Seneca*, ſatisfying my ſelfe if but a few, if one, or if none like it.

By the true admirour of thy vertues
and perfectly vowed friend.
G. CHAPMAN.

Hymnus in Noctem.

Great Goddesse to whose throne in [1] *Cynthian fires,*
This earthlie Alter endlesse fumes exspires,
Therefore, in fumes of sighes and fires of griefe,
To fearefull chances thou sendst boldreliefe,
Happie, thrise happie Type, and [2] *nurse of death,*
Who breathlesse, seedes on nothing but our breath,
In whom must vertue and her issue liue,
Or dye for euer, now let humor giue
Seas to mine eyes, that I may quicklie weepe
The shipwracke of the world: or let soft sleepe
(Binding my sences) lose my working soule,
That in her highest pitch, she may controule
The court of skill, compact of misterie,
Wanting but franchisement [3] *and memorie*
To reach all secrets: then in blissfull trance,
Raise her (deare Night) to that perseuerance,
That in my torture, she all earths may sing,
And force to tremble in her trumpeting
Heauens christall [4] *temples: in her powrs implant*
Skill of my griefs, and she can nothing want.
Then like fierce bolts, well rammd with heate & cold
In loues Artillerie, my words vnfold,

To breake the labyrinth of euerie eare,
And make ech frighted ſoule come forth and heare,
Let them breake harts, as well as yeelding ayre,
That all mens boſoms (pierſt with no affaires,
But gaine of riches) may be lanced wide,
And with the threates of vertue terrified.
Sorrowes deare ſoueraigne, and the queene of reſt,
That when vnlightſome, vaſt, and indigeſt
The formeleſſe matter of this world did lye,
Fildſt euery place with thy Diuinitie,
VVhy did thy abſolute and endleſſe ſway,
Licence heauens torch, the ſcepter of the Day,
Diſtinguisht interceſsion to thy throne,
That long before, all matchleſſe rulde alone?
VVhy letſt thou order, orderleſſe diſperſe,
The fighting parents of this vniuerſe?
VVhen earth, the ayre, and ſea, in fire remaind,
VVhen fire, the ſea, and earth, the ayre containd,
VVhen ayre, the earth, and fire, the ſea encloſde,
VVhen ſea, fire, ayre, in earth were indiſpoſde,
Nothing, as now, remainde ſo out of kinde,
All things in groſſe, were finer then refinde,
Subſtance was ſound within, and had no being,
Now forme giues being; all our eſſence ſeeming,
Chaos had ſoule without a bodie then,
Now bodies liue without the ſoules of men,
Lumps being digeſted; monſters, in our pride.
And as a wealthie fount, that hils did hide,
Let forth by labor of induſtrious hands,
Powres out her treaſure through the fruiteſull ſtrands,
Seemely diuided to a hunderd ſtreames,
VVhoſe bewties shed ſuch profitable beames,

And

And make ſuch Orphean Muſicke in their courſes,
That Citties follow their enchanting forces,
VVho running farre, at length ech powres her hart
Into the boſome of the gulfie deſart,
As much confounded there, and indigeſt,
As in the chaos of the hills compreſt:
So all things now (extract out of the prime)
Are turnd to chaos, and confound the time.
A ſtepdame Night of minde about vs clings,
VVho broodes beneath her hell obſcuring wings,
VVorlds of confuſion, where the ſoule defamde,
The bodie had bene better neuer framde,
Beneath thy ſoft, and peace-full couert then,
(Moſt ſacred mother both of Gods and men)
Treaſures vnknowne, and more vnpriſde did dwell;
But in the blind borne ſhadow of this hell,
This horrid ſtepdame, blindneſſe of the minde,
Nought worth the ſight, no ſight, but worſe then blind,
A Gorgon that with braſſe, and ſnakie brows,
(Moſt harlot-like) her naked ſecrets ſhows:
For in th'expanſure, and diſtinct attire,
Of light, and darckneſſe, of the ſea, and fire,
Of ayre, and earth, and all, all theſe create,
Firſt ſet and rulde, in moſt harmonious ſtate,
Diſiunction showes, in all things now amiſſe,
By that firſt order, what confuſion is:
Religious curb, that manadgd men in bounds,
Of publique wellfare, lothing prinate grounds,
(Now caſt away, by ſelfe loue's par amores)
All are transformd to Calydonian bores,
That kill our bleeding vines, diſplow our fields,
Rend growes in peeces, all things nature yeelds

Supplanting: tumbling vp in hills of dearth,
The fruitefull disposition of the earth,
Ruine creates men: all to slaughter bent,
Like enuie, fed with others famishment.
And what makes men without the parts of men,
Or in their manhoods, lesse then childeren,
But manlesse natures? all this world was namde
A world of him, for whom it first was framde,
(Who (like a tender Cheurill,) shruncke with fire)
Of base ambition, and of selfe-desire,
His armes into his shoulders crept for feare
Bountie should vse them, and fierce rape forbeare,
His legges into his greedie belly runne,
The charge of hospitalitie to shunne)
In him the world is to a lump reuerst,
That shruncke from forme, that was by forme dispersst,
And in nought more then thankelesse auarice,
Not rendring vertue her deserued price:
Kinde Amalthea was transferd by Ioue,
Into his sparckling pauement, for her loue,
Though but a Goate, and giuing him her milke,
Baseneſſe is flintie, gentrie soft as silke,
In heauens she liues, and rules a liuing signe
In humane bodies: yet not so diuine,
That she can worke her kindnesse in our harts.
The senceleſſe Argiue ship, for her deserts,
Bearing to Colchos, and for bringing backe,
The hardie Argonauts, secure of wracke,
The fautor and the God of gratitude,
Would not from number of the starres exclude.
A thousand such examples could I cite,
To damne stone-pesants, that like Typhons sight

Against

Against their Maker, and contend to be
Of kings, the abiect slaues of drudgerie.
Proud of that thraldome: loue the kindest lest,
And hate, not to be hated of the best.
If then we frame mans figure by his mind,
And that at first, his fashion was assigned,
Erection in such God-like excellence
For his soules sake, and her intelligence:
She so degenerate, and growne depress,
Content to share affections with a beast,
The shape wherewith he should be now endude,
Must beare no signe of mans similitude.
*Therefore * Promethean Poets with the coles*
Of their most geniale, more-then-humane soules
In liuing verse, created men like these,
With shapes of Centaurs, Harpies, Lapithes,
That they in prime of erudition,
When almost sauage-vulgar men were growne,
Seeing themselues in those Pierean founts,
Might mend their mindes, asham'd of such accounts.
*So when ye heare, the * sweetest Muses sonne,*
With heauenly rapture of his Musicke, wonne
Rockes, forrests, floods, and winds to leaue their course
In his attendance: it bewrayes the force
His wisedome had, to draw men growne so rude
To ciuill loue of Art, and Fortitude,
And not for teaching others insolence,
Had he his date-exceeding excellence
With soueraigne Poets, but for vse applyed,
And in his proper actes exemplified.
And that in calming the infernall kinde,
To wit, the perturbations of his minde,

* He calls them Promethean Poets in this high conceipt, by a figuratiue comparison betwixt thé, that as Prometh with fire fetcht frō heauen, made men so Poets with the fire of their soules are sayd to create those Harpies, and Centaures, and thereof he calls their soules Geniale.

* Calliope is cald the sweetest Muses, her name being by signification, Cautus suauitas, vel modulatio.

And bringing his Eurydice from hell,
(VVhich Iustice signifies) is proued well.
But if in rights obseruance any man
Looke backe, with boldnesse lesse then Orphean,
Soone falls he to the hell from whence he rose:
The fiction then would temprature dispose,
In all the tender motiues of the minde,
To make man worthie his hel-danting kinde.
The golden chaine of Homers high deuice
Ambition is, or cursed auarice,
VVhich all Gods haling being tyed to Ioue,
Him from his setled height could neuer moue:
Intending this, that though that powrefull chaine
Of most Herculean vigor to constraine
Men from true vertue, or their pristine states
Attempt a man that manlesse changes hates,
And is enobled with a deathlesse loue
Of things eternall, dignified aboue:
Nothing shall stirre him from adorning still
This shape with vertue, and his powre with will.
But as rude painters that contend to show
Beasts, foules or fish, all artlesse to bestow
On euery side his natiue counterfet,
Aboue his head, his name had neede to set:
So men that will be men, in more then face,
(As in their foreheads) should in actions place
More perfect characters, to proue they be
No mockers of their first nobilitie:
Else may they easly passe for beasts or foules:
Soules praise our shapes, and not our shapes our soules.
And as when Chloris paints th'ennamild meads,
A flocke of shepherds to the bagpipe treads

Rude

Rude rurall dances with their countrey loues:
Some a farre off obſeruing their remoues,
Turnes, and returnes, quicke footing, ſodaine ſtands,
Reelings aſide, od actions with their hands;
Now backe, now forwards, now lockt arme in arme,
Not hearing muſicke, thinke it is a charme,
That like looſe froes at Bacchanalean feaſts,
Makes them ſeeme franticke in their barraine ieſtes.
And being cluſterd in a ſhapeleſſe croude,
VVith much leſſe admiration are allowd.
So our firſt excellence, ſo much abuſd,
And we (without the harmonie was vſd,
VVhen Saturnes golden ſcepter ſtroke the ſtrings
Of Ciuill gouernement) make all our doings
Sauour of rudeneſſe, and obſcuritie,
And in our formes ſhew more deformitie,
Then if we ſtill were wrapt, and ſmoothered
In that confuſion, out of which we fled.
And as when hoſts of ſtarres attend thy flight,
(Day of deepe ſtudents, moſt contentfull night)
The morning (mounted on the Muſes[6] *ſtead)*
Vshers the ſonne from[7] *Vulcans golden bed,*
And then from forth their ſundrie roofes of reſt,
All ſorts of men, to ſorted taskes addreſt,
Spreade this inferiour element: and yeeld
Labour his due: the ſouldier to the field,
States-men to counſell, Iudges to their pleas,
Merchants to commerce, mariners to ſeas:
All beaſts, and birds, the groues and forreſts range,
To fill all corners of this round Exchange,
Till thou (deare Night, ô goddeſſe of moſt worth)
Letſt thy ſweet ſeas of golden humor forth

And Eagle like dost with thy ſtarrie wings,
Beate in the foules, and beaſts to Somnus lodgings,
And haughtie Day to the infernall deepe,
Proclaiming ſcilence. ſtudie, eaſe, and ſleepe.
All things before thy forces put in rout,
Retiring where the morning fir'd them out.
So to the chaos of our firſt deſcent,
(All dayes of honor, and of vertue ſpent)
VVe baſely make retrait, and are no leſſe
Then huge impoliſht heapes of filthineſſe.
Mens faces glitter, and their hearts are blacke,
But thou (great Miſtreſſe of heauens gloomie racke)
Art blacke in face, and glitterſt in thy heart.
There is thy glorie, riches, forte, and Art;
Oppoſed earth, beates blacke and blewe thy face,
And often doth thy heart it ſelfe deface,
For ſpite that to thy vertue-famed traine,
All the choiſe worthies that did euer raigne
In eldeſt age, were ſtill preferd by Ioue,
Eſteeming that due honor to his loue.
There ſhine they: not to ſea-men guides alone,
But ſacred preſidents to euerie one.
There fixt for euer, where the Day is driuen,
Almoſt foure hundred times a yeare from heauen.
In hell then let her ſit, and neuer riſe,
Till Morns leaue blushing at her cruelties.
Meane while, accept, as followers of thy traine,
(Our better parts aſpiring to thy raigne)
Vertues obſcur'd, and banished the day,
VVith all the glories of this ſpongie ſway,
Friſond in flesh, and that poore flesh in bands
Of ſtone, and ſteele, chiefe flowrs of vertues Garlands.

O then

Hymnus in Noctem.

O then most tender fortresse of our woes,
That bleeding lye in vertues ouerthroes,
Hating the whoredome of this painted light:
Raise thy chast daughters, ministers of right,
The dreadfull and the iust Eumenides,
And let them wreake thē wrongs of our disease,
Drowning the world in blood, and staine the skies
With their spilt soules, made drunke with tyrannies.
Fall Hercules from heauen in tempestes hurld,
And cleanse this beastly stable of the world:
[9] Or bend thy brasen bow against the Sunne,
As in Tartessus, when thou hadst begunne
Thy taske of oxen: heat in more extreames
Then thou wouldst suffer, with his enuious beames.
Now make him leaue the world to Night and dreames.
Neuer were vertues labours so enuy'd
As in this light: shoote, shoote, and stoope his pride:
Suffer no more his lustfull rayes to get
The Earth with issue: let him still be set
In Somnus thickets: bound about the browes,
With pitchie vapours, and with Ebone bowes.
[10] Rich-tapird sanctuarie of the blest,
Pallace of Ruth, made all of teares, and rest,
To thy blacke shades and desolation,
I consecrate my life; and liuing mone,
Where furies shall for euer fighting be,
And adders hisse the world for hating me,
Foxes shall barke, and Night-rauens belch in grones,
And owles shall hollow my confusions:
There will I furnish vp my funerall bed,
Strewd with the bones and relickes of the dead.
Atlas shall let th'Olimpick burthen fall,

To couer my vntombed face withall.
And when as well, the matter of our kind,
As the materiall ſubſtance of the mind,
Shall ceaſe their reuolutions, in abode
Of ſuch impure and vgly period,
As the old eſſence, and inſenſme prime:
Then ſhall the ruines of the foure fold time,
Turnd to that lumpe (as rapting Torrents riſe)
For euer murmure forth my miſeries.
Ye liuing ſpirits then, if any liue,
VVhom like extreames, do like affections giue,
Shun, ſhun this cruell light, and end your thrall,
In theſe ſoft shades of ſable funerall:
From whence with ghoſts, whõ vengeance holds frõ reſt,
Dog-fiends and monſters hanting the diſtreſt,
As men whoſe parents tyrannie hath ſlaine,
VVhoſe ſiſters rape, and bondage do ſuſtaine.
But you that were had birth, nor euer prou'd,
How deare a bleſſing tis to be belou'd,
VVhoſe friends idolatrous deſire of gold,
To ſcorne, and ruine haue your freedome ſold:
VVhoſe vertues feele all this, and shew your eyes,
Men made of Tartar, and of villanies.
Aſpire th'extraction, and the quinteſſence
Of all the ioyes in earths circumference:
VVith ghoſts, fiends, monſters: as men robd and rackt,
Murtherd in life: from shades with shadowes blackt:
Thunder your wrongs, your miſeries and hells,
And with the diſmall accents of your knells,
Reuiue the dead, and make the liuing dye
In ruth, and terror of your torturie:
Still all the powre of Art into your grones,

Scorning

Scorning your triuiall and remiſſiue mones,
Compact of fiction, and hyperboles,
(Like wanton mourners, cloyd with too much eaſe)
Should leaue the glaſſes of the hearers eyes
Vnbroken, counting all but vanities.
But paint, or elſe create in ſerious truth,
A bodie figur'd to your vertues ruth,
That to the ſence may shew what damned ſinne,
For your extreames this Chaos tumbles in.
But wo is wretched me, without a name:
Vertue feeds ſcorne, and nobleſt honor, shame:
Pride bathes in teares of poore ſubmiſſion,
And makes his ſoule, the purple he puts on.
Kneele then with me, fall worme-like on the ground,
And from th'infectious dunghill of this Round,
From mens braſſe wits, and golden foolerie,
VVeepe, weepe your ſoules, into felicitie:
Come to this houſe of mourning, ſerue the night,
To whom pale day (with whoredome ſoked quite)
Is but a drudge, ſelling her beauties vſe
To rapes, adultries, and to all abuſe.
Her labors feaſt imperiall Night with ſports,
VVhere Loues are Chriſtmaſt, with all pleaſures ſorts:
And whom her fugitiue, and far-shot rayes
Diſwyne, and driue into ten thouſand wayes,
Nights glorious mantle wraps in ſafe abodes,
And frees their neckes from ſernile labors lodes:
Her truſtie shadowes, ſuccour men diſmayd,
VVhom Dayes deceiptfull malice hath betrayd:
From the ſilke vapors of her luery port,
Sweet Protean dreames she ſends of euery ſort:
Some taking formes of Princes, to perſwade

Of men deiect, we are their equals made,
Some clad in habit of deceased friends,
For whom we mourn'd, and now haue wisht amends,
And some (deare fauour) Lady-like attyrd,
With pride of Beauties full Meridian fir'd:
Who pitie our contempts, reuiue our harts:
For wiſeſt Ladies loue the inward parts.
If theſe be dreames, euen ſo are all things elſe,
That walke this round by heauenly ſentinels:
But from Nights port of horne she greets our eyes
With grauer dreames inſpir'd with propheſies,
Which oft preſage to vs ſucceeding chances,
We prooving that awake, they shew in trances.
If theſe ſeeme likewiſe vaine, or nothing are
Vaine things, or nothing come to vertues share:
For nothing more then dreames, with vs shee findes:
Then ſince all pleaſures vanish like the windes,
And that moſt ſerious actions not reſpecting
The ſecond light, are worth but the neglecting,
Since day, or light, in anie qualitie,
For earthly vſes do but ſerue the eye.
And ſince the eyes moſt quicke and dangerous vſe,
Enflames the heart, and learnes the ſoule abuſe,
Since mournings are preferd to banquettings,
And they reach heauen, bred vnder ſorrowes wings.
Since Night brings terror to our frailties ſtill,
And shameleſſe Day, doth marble vs in ill.
All you poſſeſt with indepreſſed ſpirits,
Indu'd with nimble, and aſpiring wits,
Come conſecrate with me, to ſacred Night
Your whole endeuours, and deteſt the light.
Sweete Peaces richeſt crowne is made of ſtarres,

Most certaine guides of honord Mariners,
No pen can any thing eternall wright,
That is not steept in humor of the Night.
Hence beasts, and birds to canes and bushes then,
And welcome Night, ye noblest heires of men,
Hence Phebus to thy glassie strumpets bed,
And neuer more let Themis daughters spred,
Thy golden harnesse on thy rosie horse,
But in close thickets run thy oblique course.
See now ascends, the glorious Bride of Brides,
Nuptials, and triumphs, glittring by her sides,
Iuno and Hymen do her traine adorne,
Ten thousand torches round about them borne:
Dumbe Silence mounted on the Cyprian starre,
With becks, rebukes the winds before his carre,
Where she adamant; beates downe with cloudie mace,
The feeble light to blacke Saturnius palace:
Behind her, with a brase [12] of siluer Hynds,
In Iuorie chariot, swifter then the winds,
In great [13] Hyperions horned daughter drawne
Enchantresse-like, deckt in disparent lawne,
Circkled with charmes, and incantations,
That ride huge spirits, and outragious passions:
Musicke, and moode, she lones, but lone she hates,
(As curious Ladies do, their publique cates)
This traine, with meteors, comets, lightenings,
The dreadfull presence of our Empresse sings:
Which grant for euer (ô eternall Night)
Till vertue flourish in the light of light.

Explicit Hymnus.

Gloss.

1 HE cals these Cynthiã fiers of Cynthius or the Sunne. In whose beames the fumes and vapors of the earth are exhald. The earth being as an aulter, and those fumes as sacrificing smokes, because they seeme pleasing to her in resembling her. That the earth is cald an aulter, *Aratus in Astronimicis* testifies in these verses:

Αλλ' ἄρα μὲν περὶ κεῖνο θυτήριον ἀρχαίη νὺξ &c.
Nox antiqua suo currus connoluitur Aram
Hanc circum, qua signa dedit certissima nautis
Commiserata virûm metuendos undiq; casus.

In which verses the substance of the first foure verses is expresst.

2 Night is cald the nurse or mother of death by *Hesiodus* in *Theogonia*, in these verses repeating her other issue:

Nox peperit fatumq; malum, Parcasq; nigrantem
Et mortem & somnum, diuersaq; somnia: natos
Hos peperit, nulli dea nox coniuncta marito.

3 *Plato* saith *dicere* is nothing else but *reminisci*.

4 The heauenly abodes are often called, celestiall temples by *Homer & alijs*.

5 Insolence is here taken for rarenesse or vnwontednesse.

6 *Lycophron* in *Alexandra*, affirmes the morning vseth to ride vpon *Pegasus* in his verses:

Aurora montem Phagium aduoluerat
Velocis altum nuper alis Pegasi.

7 Vulcan is said by *Natalis Comes* in his *Mythologie*, to haue made a golden bed for the Sunne, wherein he swum sleeping till the morning.

8 *Qua lucem pellis sub terras: Orpheus.*

9 Here he alludes to the fiction of *Hercules*, that in his labor at *Tarteſſus* fetching away the oxen, being (more thẽ he liked) heat with the beames of the Sunne, he bent his bow against him, &c. *Vt ait Pherecides in 3. lib. Historiarum.*

10 This *Periphrasis* of the Night he vseth, because in her the blest, (by whom he intẽds the vertuous) liuing obscurelie are relieued and quieted, according to those verses before

of

of *Aratus*, *Commiserata virûm multorum vndiq; casus.*

11 *Themis* daughters are the three houres, *viz. Dice, Irene*, and *Eunomia*, begottē by Iupiter. They are said to make ready the horse & chariot of the Sun euery morning. *vt Orph.*

Et Iouis & Themidis Horæ de semine natæ, &c.

12 Cynthia or the Moone, is said to be drawne by two white hindes, *vt ait Calimachus:*

Aurea nam domitrix Tityi sunt arma Diana
Cuncta tibi & zona, & fuga quæ cervicibus aurea
Cervarum imponis curru cum ducis ad aureum.

13 *Hesiodus* in *Theogonia* cals her the daughter of *Hyperion*, and *Thya*, in his versibus.

Thia parit Solem magnum, Lunamq; nitentem
Auroram quæfert lucem mortalibus almam
Cælicolisq; Deis cunctis, Hyperionis alum
Semine concepit, namq; illos Thia decora

So is she said to weare partie-coloured garments: the rest intimates her Magick authoritie.

FINIS.

For the rest of his owne inuention, figures and similes, touching their aptnesse and noueltie he hath not laboured to iustifie them, because he hopes they wil be proud enough to iustifie themselues, and proue sufficiently authenticall to such as vnderstand them; for the rest, God helpe them, I cannot (do as others), make day seeme a lighter woman thē she is, by painting her.

Hymnus in Cynthiam.

[1]Natures bright eye-sight, and the Nights faire soule,[2]
[3]That with thy triple forehead dost controule
Earth, seas, and hell: and art in dignitie
The greatest, and swiftest Planet in the skie:
Peacefull, and warlike, and the [4]powre of fate,
In perfect circle of whose sacred state,
The circles of our hopes are compassed:
All wisedome, beautie, maiestie and dread,
Wrought in the speaking pourtrait of thy face.
Great Cynthia, rise out of thy [5]Latmian pallace,
[6]Wash thy bright bodie, in th' Atlanticke streames,
Put on those robes that are most rich in beames:
And in thy All-ill-purging puritie,
(As if the shadie [7]Cytheron did frie
In sight full furie of a solemne fire)
Ascend thy chariot, and make earth admire
Thy old swift changes, made a yong fixt prime,
O let thy beautie scorch the wings of time,
That fluttering he may fall before thine eyes,
And beate himselfe to death before he rise:
And as heauens [8]Geniall parts were cut away
By Saturnes hands, with adamantine [9]Harpey,
Onely to shew, that since it was composd
Of vniuersall matter: it encloscd
No powre to procreate another heauen.

So

So ſince that adamantine powre is giuen
To thy chaſt hands, to cut of all deſire
Of fleshly ſports, and quench to Cupids fire:
Let it approue: no change ſhall take thee hence,
Nor thy throne beare another inference:
For if the enuious forehead of the earth
Lowre on thy age, and claime thee as her birth,
Tapers, nor torches, nor the forreſts burning,
Soule-winging muſicke, nor teare-ſtilling mourning,
(Vſd of old Romanes and rude Macedons
In thy moſt ſad, and blacke diſceſſions)
VVe know can nothing further thy recall,
VVhen Nights darke robes (whoſe obiects blind vs all)
Shall celebrate thy changes funerall.
But as in that thriſe dreadfull foughten field
Of ruthleſſe Cannas, when ſweet Rule did yeeld,
Her beauties ſtrongeſt proofs, and hugeſt loue:
VVhen men as many as the lamps aboue,
Armd Earth in ſteele, and made her like the skies,
That two Auroraes did in one day riſe.
Then with the terror of the trumpets call,
The battels ioynd as if the world did fall:
Continewd long in life-diſdaining fight,
Ioues thundring Eagles featherd like the night,
Hou'ring aboue them with indifferent wings,
Till Bloods ſterne daughter, cruell to Tyche ſtings
The chiefe of one ſide, to the blushing ground,
And then his men (whom griefs, and feares confound)
Turnd all their cheerfull hopes to grimme deſpaire,
Some caſting of their ſoules into the aire,
Some taken priſoners, ſome extreamely maimd,
And all (as men accurſt) on fate exclaimd.

So(gracious Cynthia)in that sable day,
When interposed earth takes thee away,
(Our sacred chiefe and soueraigne generall,
As chrimsine a retrait, and steepe a fall
We feare to suffer from this peace, and height,
Whose thanckleſse sweet now cloies vs with receipt.
" The Romanes set sweet Musicke to her charmes,
To raise thy stoopings, with her ayrie armes:
Vsde lowd resoundings with auspicious brasse:
Held torches vp to heauen, and flaming glasse,
Made a whole forrest but a burning eye,
T admire thy mournefull partings with the skye.
The Macedonians were so stricken dead,
With skilleſse horrour of thy changes dread:
They wanted harts, to lift vp sounds, or fires,
Or eyes to heauen, but vsd their funerall tyres,
Trembld, and wept, assur'd some mischiefs furie
Would follow that afflicting Augurie.
Nor shall our wisedomes be more arrogant
(O sacred Cynthia) but beleeue thy want
Hath cause to make vs now as much affraid:
Nor shall Democrates who first it said,
To reade in natures browes, thy chaunges cause,
Perswade our sorrowes to a vaine applause.
Times motion, being like the reeling sunnes,
Or as the sea reciprocallie runnes,
Hath brought vs now to their opinions;
As in our garments, ancient fashions
Are newlie worne, and as sweet poesie
Will not be clad in her supremacie
With those straunge garments (Romes Hexameters)
As she is English: but in right prefers

Our

Our native robes, (put on with skilfull hands
English heroicks) to those antick garlands,
Accounting it no meede but mockerie,
When her steepe browes alreadie prop the skie,
To put on startups, and yet let it fall.
No otherwise (O Queene celestiall)
Can we beleeue Ephesias state wilbe
But spoile with forreine grace, and change with thee
The pureneſſe of thy neuer-tainted life,
Scorning the subiect title of a wife,
Thy bodie not composed in thy birth,
Of such condenſed matter as the earth,
Thy shunning faithleſſe mens societie,
Betaking thee to hounds, and Archerie
To deſerts, and inacceſſible hills,
Abhorring pleaſure in earths common ills,
Commit most willing rapes on all our harts:
And make vs tremble, leſt thy ſouereigne parts
(The whole preſeruers of our happineſſe)
Should yeeld to change, Eclips, or beamineſſe.
And as thy changes happen by the ſite,
Neare, or farre diſtance, of thy fathers light,*
Who (ſet in abſolute remotion) reaues
Thy face of light, and thee all darkned leaues:
So for thy abſence, to the shade of death
Our ſoules fly mourning, winged with our breath.
Then ſet thy Chriſt all, and Imperiall throne,
(Girt in thy chaſt, and neuer-looſing [13] zone)
Gainſt Europs Sunne directly oppoſit,
And giue him darkneſſe, that doth threat thy light.
O how accurſt are they thy fauour ſcorne?
Diſeaſes pine their flockes, tares ſpoile their corne.

* Euripi. in Phœniſſis, cals her the daughter not ſister of the Sunne, *O clariſſimum filia Solis Lunæ aurei curruli lumen. &c.*

Old men are blind of iſſue, and young wiues
Bring forth abortiue fruite, that neuer thriues.
But them how bleſt are they thy fauour graceth,
Peace in their hearts, and youthbraignes in their faces:
Health ſtrengths their bodies, to ſubdue the ſeas,
And dare the Sunne, like Thebane Hercules
To calme the furies, and to quench the fire:
As at thy altars, in thy Perſicke Empire,
[15] Thy holy women walke with naked ſoles
Harmeleſſe, and confident, on burning coles:
The vertue-temperd mind, euer preſerues,
Oyles, and expulſatorie Balme that ſerues
To quench luſts fire, in all things it annoints,
And ſteeles our feet to march on needles points:
And mongſt her armes, hath armour to repell
The canon, and the firie darts of hell:
She is the great enchantreſſe that commands
Spirits of euery region, ſeas, and lands,
Round heauen it ſelfe, and all his ſeuen-fold heights,
Are bound to ſerue the ſtrength of her conceipts:
A perfect type of thy Almightie ſtate,
That holdſt the thread, and rul'ſt the ſword of fate.
Then you that exerciſe the virgine Court
Of peacefull Theſpya, my muſe conſort,
Making her drunken with [16] Gorgonean Dews,
And therewith, all your Extaſies infuſe,
That she may reach the top-leſſe ſtarrie brows
Of ſteepe Olympus, crownd with freſheſt bows
Of Daphnean Laurell, and the praiſes ſing
Of mightie Cynthia: truely figuring,
(As she is Hecate) her ſouereigne kinde,
And in her force, the forces of the mind:

An argument to ranish and refine
An earthly ſoule, and make it meere diuine.
Sing then withall, her Pallace brightneſſe bright,
The daſle-ſunne perfections of her light,
Circkling her face with glories, ſing the walkes,
VVhere in her heauenly Magicke mood she ſtalkes.
Her arbours, thickets, and her wondrous game,
(A hunteſſe, being neuer matcht in fame)
Preſume not then ye fleſh confounded ſoules,
That cannot beare the full Caſtalian bowles,
VVhich ſeuer mounting ſpirits from the ſences,
To looke in this deepe fount for thy pretenſes:
The iuice more cleare then day, yet shadows night,
VVhere humor challengeth no drop of right:
But iudgement shall diſplaie, to pureſt eyes
VVith eaſe, the bowells of theſe miſteries.
See then this Planet of our lines diſcended
To rich Ortigia, glorioufie attended,
Not with hir fiftie Ocean Nimphs: nor yet
Hir twentie forreſters: but doth beget
By powrefull charmes, delightſome ſeruitors
Of flowrs, and shadows, miſts, and meteors:
Her rare Eliſian Pallace she did build
VVith ſtudied wishes, which ſweet hope did guild
VVith ſunnie foyle, that laſted but a day:
For night muſt needs, importune her away.
The shapes of euerie wholeſome flowre and tree
She gaue thoſe types of hir felicitie.
And Forme her ſelfe, she mightelie coniurd
Their priſeleſſe values, might not be obſcurd,
VVith diſpoſition baſer then diuine,
But make that bliſſull court of hers to shine

Old men are blind of iſſue, and young wiues
Bring forth abortiue fruite, that neuer thriues.
But them how bleſt are they thy fauour graceth,
Peace in their hearts, and youthraignes in their faces:
Health ſtrengths their bodies, to ſubdue the ſeas,
And dare the Sunne, like Thebane Hercules
To calme the furies, and to quench the fire:
As at thy altars, in thy Perſicke Empire,
[15] *Thy holy women walke with naked ſoles*
Harmeleſſe, and confident, on burning coles:
The vertue-temperd mind, euer preſerues,
Oyles, and expulſatorie Balme that ſerues
To quench luſts fire, in all things it annoints,
And ſteeles our feet to march on needles points:
And mongſt her armes, hath armour to repell
The canon, and the firie darts of hell:
She is the great enchantreſſe that commands
Spirits of euery region, ſeas, and lands,
Round heauen it ſelfe, and all his ſeuen-fold heights,
Are bound to ſerue the ſtrength of her conceipts:
A perfect type of thy Almightie ſtate,
That holdſt the thread, and rul'ſt the ſword of fate.
Then you that exerciſe the virgine Court
Of peacefull Heſpya, my muſe conſort,
Making her drunken with [16] *Gorgonean Dews,*
And therewith, all your Extaſies infuſe,
That she may reach the top-leſſe ſtarrie brows
Of ſteepe Olympus, crownd with freſheſt bows
Of Daphnean Laurell, and the praiſes ſing
Of mightie Cynthia: truely figuring,
(As she is Hecate) her ſouereigne kinde,
And in her force, the forces of the mind:

An argument to ravish and refine
An earthly soule, and make it meere divine.
Sing then withall, her Pallace brightnesse bright,
The dasle-sunne perfections of her light,
Circkling her face with glories, sing the walkes,
Where in her heavenly Magicke mood she stalkes.
Her arbours, thickets, and her wondrous game,
(A huntesse, being never matcht in fame)
Presume not then ye flesh confounded soules,
That cannot beare the full Castalian bowles,
Which sever mounting spirits from the sences,
To looke in this deepe fount for thy pretenses:
The juice more cleare then day, yet shadows night,
Where humor challengeth no drop of right:
But judgement shall displaie, to purest eyes
With ease, the bowells of these misteries.
See then this Planet of our lines discended
To rich Ortigia, glorioustie attended,
Not with hir fiftie Ocean Nimphs: nor yet
Hir twentie forresters: but doth beget
By powrefull charmes, delightsome servitors
Of flowrs, and shadows, mists, and meteors:
Her rare Elisian Pallace she did build
With studied wishes, which sweet hope did guild
With sunnie soyle, that lasted but a day:
For night must needs, importune her away.
The shapes of everie wholesome flowre and tree
She gave those types of hir felicitie.
And Forme her selfe, she mightelie contrivd
Their priseleste values, might not be obscurd,
With disposition baser then divine,
But make that blissfull court of hers to shine

With all accomplishment of Architect,
That not the eye of Phebus could detect.
Forme then, twixt two superior pillers framd
This tender building, Pax Imperij nam'd,
Which cast a shadow, like a Pyramis
Whose basis, in the plaine or back part is
Of that queint worke: the top so high extended,
That it the region of the Moone transcended:
Without, within it, euerie corner fild
By bewtious forme, as her great mistresse wild.
Here as she sits, the thunder-louing Ioue
In honors past all others showes his loue,
Proclaiming her in compleat Emperie,
Of what soeuer the Olympick skie
With tender circumnecture doth embrace
The chiefest Planet, that doth heauen enchace:
Deare Goddesse, prompt, benigne, and bounteous,
That heares all prayers, from the least of vs
Large riches giues, since she is largely giuen,
And all that spring from seede of earth and heauen
She doth commaund: and rules the fates of all,
Old Hesiod sings her thus celestiall:
And now to take the pleasures of the day,
Because her night starre soone will call away,
She frames of matter intimate before,
(To wit, a bright, and daseling meteor)
A goodlie Nimph, whose bewtie, bewtie staines
Heau'ns with her iewells; giues all the raines
Of wished pleasance; frames her golden wings,
But them she bindes vp close with purple strings,
Because she now will haue her run alone,
And bid the base, to all affection.

And

And Euthimya is her ſacred name,
Since she the cares and toyles of earth muſt tame:
Then ſtraight the flowrs, the shadowes and the miſts,
(Fit matter for moſt pliant humoriſts)
She hunters makes: and of that ſubſtance hounds
VVhoſe mouths deafe heauē, & furrow earth with woūds,
And marualle not a Nimphe ſo rich in grace
To hounds rude purſutes should be giuen in chaſe:
For she could turne her ſelfe to euerie shape
Of ſwifteſt beaſts, and at her pleaſure ſcape,
VVealth faunes on fooles, vertues are meate for vices,
VViſedome conformes her ſelfe to all earths guiſes,
Good gifts are often giuen to men paſt good,
And Nobleſſe ſtoops ſometimes beneath his blood.
The hounds that she created, vaſt, and fleete
VVere grimme Melampus, with th'Ethiops feete,
VVhite Leucon, all eating Pamphagus,
Sharp-ſighted Dorceus, wild Oribaſus
Storme-breathing Lelaps, and the ſauage Theron,
VVinged-footed Pterelas, and Hinde-like Ladon,
Greedie Harpyia, and the painted Styctē,
Fierce Trigis, and the thicket-ſearcher Agre,
The blacke Melaneus, and the briſtled Lachne,
Leane luſtfull Cyprius, and big cheſted Aloe.
Theſe and ſuch other now the forreſt rang'd,
And Euthimya to a Panther changd,
Holds them ſweet chaſe; their mouths they freely ſpend,
As if the earth in ſunder they would rend.
VVhich change of Muſick likt the Goddeſſe ſo,
That she before her formoſt Nimphe would go,
And not a huntſman there was eagrer ſeene
In that ſports loue, (yet all were wondrous keene)

Then was their ſwift, and windie-footed queene.
But now this ſpotted game did thicket take,
Where not a hound could hungred paſſage make:
Such proofe the couret was, all armd in thorne,
With which in their attempts, the doggs were torne,
And fell to howling in their happineſſe:
As when a flocke of ſchoole boys, whom their miſtreſſe
(Held cloſelie to their bookes) gets leaue to ſport,
And then like toyle-freed deare, in headlong ſort
With shoutes, and shrieks, they hurrey from the ſchoole.
Some ſtrow the woods, ſome ſwimme the ſiluer poole:
All as they liſt to ſeuerall paſtimes fall,
To feede their famisht wantonneſſe with all.
When ſtrait, within the woods ſome wolfe or beare,
The heedleſſe lyms of one doth peecemeale teare,
Affrighteth other, ſends ſome bleeding backe,
And ſome in greedie whirle pitts ſuffer wracke.
So did the briſtled couert check with wounds
The licorous haſt of theſe game greedie hounds.
In this vaſt thicket, (whoſe deſcriptions taſk
The penns of furies, and of feends would aske:
So more then humane thoughted horrible)
The ſoules of ſuch as liu'd implauſible,
In happie Empire of this Goddeſſe glories,
And ſcornd to crowne hir Phanes with ſacrifice
Did ceaſeleſſe walke, exſpiring fearefull grones,
Curſes, and threats for their confuſions.
Her darts, and arrowes, ſome of them had ſlaine,
Others hir doggs eate, painting hir diſdaine,
After she had transformd them into beaſts:
Others her monſters carried to their neſts,
Rent them in peeces, and their ſpirits ſent

To this blind shade, to waile their banishment.
The huntsmen hearing (since they could not heare)
Their hounds at fault, in eager chase drew neare,
Mounted on Lyons, Vnicorns, and Bores,
And saw their hounds lye licking of their sores,
Some yerning at the shroud, as if they chid
Her stinging toungs, that did their chase forbid:
By which they knew the game was that way gone.
Then ech man forst the beast he rode vpon,
T'assault the thicket; whose repulsive thorns
So gald the Lyons, Bores, and Vnicorns,
Dragons, and wolues; that halfe their courages
VVere spent in rores, and sounds of heavines:
Yet being the Princeliest, and hardiest beasts,
That gaue thiefe fame to those Ortygian forests,
And all their riders furious of their sport,
A fresh assault they gaue, in desperate sort:
And with their falchions made their wayes in wounds:
The thicket opend, and let in the hounds.
But from her bosome cast prodigious cries,
VVrapt in her Stigian fumes of miseries:
VVhich yet the breaths of those courageous steads
Did still drinke vp, and cleerd their ventrous heads:
As when the fierie coursers of the sunne,
Vp to the pallace of the morning runne,
And from their nosthrills blow the spitefull day:
So yet those foggie vapors, made them way.
But preasing further, saw such cursed sights,
Such Ætnas filld with strange tormented sprites,
That now the vaprous obiect of the eye
Out-pierst the intellect in faultie.
Basenesse vas Nobler then Nobilitie:

For ruth (first shaken from the braine of Loue,
And loue the soule of vertue) now did moue,
Not in their soules (spheres meane enough for such)
But in their eyes: and thence did conscience touch
Their harts with pitie: where her proper throne,
Is in the minde, and there should first haue shone:
Eyes should guide bodies and our soules our eyes,
But now the world consistes on contraries:
So sence brought terror, where the mindes presight
Had fast that feare, and done but pittie right,
But seruile feare, now forgd a wood of darts
Within their eyes, and cast them through their harts:
Then turn'd they bridle, then halfe slaine with feare,
Ech did the other backwardes ouerbeare,
As when th'Italian Duke, a troupe of horse
Sent out in hast against some English force,
From statelie sited sconce-torne Nimigan,
Vnder whose walles the [10] wall most Cynthian,
Stretcheth her siluer limms loded with wealth,
Hearing our horse were marching downe by stealth.
(Who looking for them) warres quicke Artizan
Fame-thriuing Vere, that in those Countries wan
More fame then guerdon, ambuscados laide
Of certaine foote, and made full well appaide
The hopefull enemie, in sending those
The long-expected subiects of their blowes
To moue their charge, which strait they giue amaine,
When we retiring to our strength againe,
The foe pursewes assured of our liues,
And vs within our ambuscado driues,
Who straight with thunder of the drums and shot,
Tempest their wraths on them that wist it not.

Then

Then (turning headlong) some escapt vs so,
Some left to ransome, some to ouerthrow,
In such confusion did this troupe retire,
And thought them curſed in that games deſire:
Out flew the houndes, that there could nothing finde,
Of the ſlye Panther, that did beard the winde,
Running into it full, to clog the chaſe,
And tire her followers with too much ſolace.
And but the ſuperficies of the shade,
Did onely ſprinckle with the ſent she made,
As when the ſunne beames on high billowes fall,
And make their shadowes dance vpon a wall,
That is the ſubiect of his faire reflectings: Simile ad eandem explicat.
Or elſe, as when a man in ſummer euenings,
Something before ſunneſet, when shadows bee
Rackt with his ſtooping, to the higheſt degree,
His shadow clymes the trees, and skales a hill,
VVhile he goes on the beaten paſſage ſtill,
So ſleightlie toucht the Panther with her ſent,
This irkſome couert, and away she went,
Downe to a fruitfull Iland ſited by,
Full of all wealth, delight, and Emperie,
Euer with child of curious Architect,
Yet ſtill deliuerd: pau'd with Dames ſelect,
On whom rich feete, in fowleſt bootes might treade,
And neuer fowle them: for kinde Cupid ſpreade,
Such perfect colours, on their pleaſing faces,
That their reflects clad fowleſt weeds with graces,
Bewtie ſtrikes fancie blind, pyed show deceau's vs,
Sweet banquets tempt our healths, whē temper leaues vs
Inchaſtitie, is euer proſtitute,
VVhoſe trees we loth, when we haue pluckt their fruite.

Hither this Panther fled, now turnd a Bore
More huge then that th' Ætolians plagud so sore,
And led the chase through noblest mansions,
Gardens and groues, exempt from Parragons,
In all things ruinous, and slaughtersome,
As was that scourge to the Ætolian kingdome:
After as if a whirlewind drawe them one,
Full crie, and close, as if they all were one
The hounds pursew, and fright the earth with sound,
Making her tremble, as when windes are bound
In her cold bosome, fighting for euent:
With whose fierce Ague all the world is rent.
But dayes arme (tir'd to hold her torch to them)
Now let it fall within the Ocean streame,
The Goddesse blew retrait, and with her blast,
Her morns creation ded like vapours wast:
The windes made wing, into the vpper light,
And blew abroad the sparckles of the night.
Then (swift as thought) the bright Titanides
Guide and great soueraigne of the marble seas,
With milkwhite Heffers, mounts into her Sphere,
And leaues vs miserable creatures here,
Thus nights, faire dayes: thus griefs do ioyes supplant:
Thus glories grauen in steele and Adamant
Neuer supposd to wast, but grow by wasting,
(Like snow in riuers falne) consume by lasting.
O then thou great [10] Elixer of all treasures,
From whom we multiplie our world of pleasures,
Discend againe, ah neuer leaue the earth,
But [11] as thy plenteous humors gaue vs birth,
So let them drowne the world in night, and death
Before this ayre, leaue breaking with thy breath.

Come

Come Goddesse come, [22] the double fatherd sonne,
Shall dare no more amongst thy traine to runne,
Nor with poluted handes to touch thy vaile:
His death was darted from the Scorpions taile,
For which her forme to endlesse memorie,
With other lamps, doth lend the heauens an eye,
And he that shewd such great presumption,
Is hidden now, beneath a little stowe.
If proude [23] Alpheus offer force againe,
Because he could not once thy loue obtaine,
Thou and thy Nimphs shall stop his mouth with mire,
And mocke the fondling, for his mad aspire.
Thy glorious temple [24] (great Lucifera)
That was the studie of all Asia,
Two hunderd twentie sommers to erect,
Built by Chersiphrone thy Architect,
In which two hundred, twentie columns stood,
Built by two hunderd twentie kings of blood,
Of curious bewtie, and admired height,
Pictures and statues, of as prayseful sleight,
Conuenient for so chast a Goddesse phane,
(Burnt by Herostratus) shall now againe,
Be reexstruct, and this Ephesia be
Thy countries happie name, come here with thee,
As it was there so shall it now be framde,
And thy faire virgine-chamber euer namde:
And as in reconstruction of it there,
There Ladies did no more their iewells weare,
But franckly contribute them all to raise,
A worke of such a chast Religious prayse:
So will our Ladies, for in them it lyes,
To spare so much as would that worke suffice:

Our Dames well ſet their iewels in their myndes,
In-ſight illuſtrates; outward brauerie blindes,
The minde hath in her ſelfe a Deitie,
And in the ſtretching circle of her eye
All things are compaſt, all things preſent ſtill,
VVill framd to pōwre, doth make vs what we will,
But keepe your iewels, make ye brauer yet,
Eliſian Ladies, and (in riches ſet,
Vpon your foreheads) let vs ſee your harts:
Build Cynthiaes Temple in your vertuous parts,
Let euerie iewell be a vertues glaſſe:
And no Heroſtratus ſhall euer race,
Thoſe holy monuments: but pillers ſtand,
VVhere euery Grace, and Muſe ſhall hang her garland.
The minde in that we like, rules euery limme,
Giues hands to bodies, makes them make them trimme:
VVhy then in that the body doth diſlike,
Should not [25] his ſword as great a vennie ſtrike?
The bit, and ſpurre that Monarcke ruleth ſtill,
To further good things, and to curb the ill,
He is the Ganemede, the birde of Ioue,
Rapt to her ſoueraignes boſome for his loue,
His bewtie was it, not the bodies pride,
That made him great Aquarius ſtellified:
And that minde moſt is bewtifull and hye,
And neareſt comes to a Diuinitie,
That furtheſt is from ſpot of earths delight,
Pleaſures that loſe their ſubſtance with their ſight,
Such one, Saturnius raviſheth to loue,
And fills the cup of all content to Ioue.
If wiſedome be the mindes true bewtie then,
And that ſuch bewtie ſhines in vertuous men,

If

If those sweet Ganemedes shall onely finde,
Loue of Olimpius, are those wizerds wise,
That nought but gold, and his dijections priset
This bewtie hath a fire vpon her brow,
That dimmes the Sunne of base desires in you,
And as the cloudie bosome of the tree,
VVhose branches will not let the summer see,
His solemne shadows, but do entertaine,
Eternall winter: so thy sacred traine,
Thrise mightie Cynthia should be frozen dead,
To all the lawlesse flames of Cupids Godhead.
To this end let thy beames diminities,
For euer shine vpon their sparckling eyes,
And be as quench to those pestiferent fires,
That through their eyes, impoison their desires,
Thou neuer yet wouldst stoope to base assault,
Therefore those Poetes did most highly fault,
That fainde thee 16 fiftie children by Endimion,
And they that write thou hadst but three alone,
Thou neuer any hadst, but didst affect,
Endimion for his studious intellect.
Thy soule-chast kisses were for vertues sake,
And since his eyes were euermore awake,
To search for knowledge of thy excellence,
And all Astrologie: no negligence,
Or female softnesse fede his learned trance,
Nor was thy vaile once toucht with dalliance,
VVise Poetes faine thy Godhead properlie,
The thresholds of mens doores did fortifie,
And therefore built they thankefull alters there,
Seruing thy powre, in most religious feare.
Deare precident for vs to imitate,

VVhose dores thou guardst against Imperious fate,
Keeping our peasefull households safe from sack,
And freest our ships, when others suffer wracke.
Thy virgin-chamber then that sacred is,
No more let hold, an idle Salmacis,
Nor let more sleights, Cydippe iniurie:
Nor let blacke Ioue possest in Scicilie,
Ranish more maids, but maids subdue his might,
VVith well-steeld lances of thy watchfull sight.
Then in thy cleare, and Isie Pentacle,
Now execute a Magicke miracle:
Slip euerie sort of poisoned herbes, and plants,
And bring thy rabid mastifs to these hants.
Looke with thy fierce aspect, be terror-strong:
Assume thy wondrous shape of halfe a furlong:
Put on thy scete of Serpents, viperous hayres,
And act the fearefulst part of thy affaires:
Conuert the violent courses of thy floods,
Remoue whole fields of corne, and hugest woods,
Cast hills into the sea, and make the starrs,
Drop out of heauen, and lose thy Mariners.
So shall the wonders of thy power be seene,
And thou for euer liue the Planets Queene.

Explicit Hymnus.

Omnis vt vmbra.

1. HE giues her this *Periphrasis, viz.* Natures bright eye sight, because that by her store of humors, issue is giuen to all birth: and thereof is she called *Lucina*, and *Ilythya, quia praest parturientibus cum invocaretur*, and giues them helpe: which *Orpheus* in a Hymne of her prayse expresseth, and cals her besides *Prothyrea, vt sequitur.*

κλῦθί μοι, ὦ μακάρεσσι θεὰ, &c.

Audi me veneranda Dea, cui nomina multa:
Praegnantum adiutrix, partumque dulce levamen,
Sola puellarum servatrix, solaq; prudens:
Auxilium velox teneris Prothyraea puellis.

And a little after, he shewes her plainlie to be Diana, *Ilythyia*, and *Prothyraea*, in these verses:

Solam animi requiem te clamant parturientes.
Sola potes diros partus placare labores
Diana, Ilythyia gravis, summa & Prothyraea.

2. He cals her the soule of the Night, since she is the purest part of her according to common conceipe.

3. *Orpheus* in these verses, in *Argonauticis* saith she is three headed, as she is *Hecate, Luna*, and *Diana, vt sequitur.*

Cumq; illis Hecate properans horrenda cucurrit,
Cui trinum caput est, gemini quam Tartarus edit.

The rest aboue will not be denied.

4. That she is cald the powre of fate, read *Hesiodus* in *Theogonia* when he giues her more then this commendation, in these verses:

Iupiter ingentes illi largitur honores,
Munera q; imperium terrae, maris q; profundi:
Cunctorumq; simul, qua caelum amplectitur altum,
Admissiq; preces facilis Dea, prompta, benigna:
Divitias praebet, quod ei concessa potestas,
Imperat haec cunctis, qui sunt è semine nati:
Et terra & Coeli, cunctorum fata gubernat.

5. In *Latmos* she is supposed to sleepe with *Endymion*, vt *Catullus.*

Vt triviam furtim sub Latmia saxa relegant,
Dulcis amor Gyro devocet Aerias.

6 Homer with a maruailous Poeticall sweetnesse, saith she washes her before she apparells her selfe in th' Atlantick sea. And then shewes her apparell, as in these verses. *In Oceano Lauacri.*

Rursus Athantidi, in lymphis membra lauanti,
Vestibus induta, & mundis Dea Luna micantes:
Curru iunxit eques celeres, quibus ardua colla.

7 Cytheron, as Menander saith was a most faire boy, and beloued of Tisiphone, who since she could not obtaine his loue, she teares from her head a Serpent, & threw it at him, which stinging him to death, the Gods in pittie turned him to a hill of that name, first cald Asterius, full of woods wherein all Poets haue affirmed wild beasts liue, and vse it often to expresse their haunts, or store of woods, whereupō he inuokes Cynthia, to rise in such brightnesse, as if it were all on fire.

8 This is expounded as followeth by Gyraldus Lilius. The application must first by made by this author.

9 Harpe should be written thus, not with a y, yet here he vseth it, lest some, not knowing what it meanes, read it for a Harp, hauing found this grossenesse in some schollers. It was the sword Perseus vsed to cut of Medusas head.

10 Fortune is cald *Tyche*, as witnesseth *Pausanias in Messeniacis*, who affirmes her to be one of the daughters likewise of *Oceanus*, which was playing with *Proserpine*, when *Dis* rauisht her.

Vna omnes varios per prata comantia flores,
Candida Leucippe, Phaeoq, Electraq, Ianthe.
Maloboscq, Tyche, Ocyrhoe praegnis ocellis. And *Orpheus* in a Hymne to *Fortuna*, saith she is the daughter of bloud, *vt in his, sanguine progenitam, Vi & inexpugnabile numen.*

11 Plutarch writes thus of the Romanes, and Macedons, in *Paulus Æmilius.*

12 These are commonly knowne to be the properties of Cynthia.

13 This Zone is saide to be the girdle of Cynthia. And thereof whē maids lost their maidenheads, amongst the Athenians,

thenias, they vſed to put of their girdles. And after, cuſtome made it a phraſe *Zonam ſoluere*, to loſe their maidenheades, *vt Apolo. lib. 1.*

Prima ſolet a mihi eſſ, poſtremaq; Zona quid ipſa,
Inuidit multos natos Latona miſella.

14 Theſe are the verſes of *Callimachus* tranſlated to effect.
O miſeri, quibus ipſa grauem te concipis vrnam, &c.

15 This Strabo teſtifieth *Libro duodecimo*;

16 *Pegaſus* is cald *Gorgoneus*; ſince Poets fayne, that when *Perſeus* ſmote of Meduſas head, *Pegaſus* flew frō the woūd: & therefore the Muſes founc which he made with his hoofe, is cald *Gorgon*.

17 *Ortigia* is the countrie where ſhe was brought vp.

18 Theſe are the verſes of *Heſiodus* before.

19 The Wall is a moſt excellent riuer, in the Low countries parting with another riuer, cald the Maze, neare a towne in Holland, cald Gurckham, and runnes vp to Guelderland vnder the walls of Nimigen. And theſe like *Smiles*, in my opinion drawne frō the honorable deeds of our noble countrimen, clad in comely habit of Poeſie, would become a Poeme as well as further-fetcht grounds, if ſuch as be Poets now a dayes would vſe them.

20 The Philoſophers ſtone, or *Philoſophica Medicina* is cald the great Elixer to which he here alludes.

21 This of our birth, is explaned before.

22 The double-fathered ſonne is Orion, ſo cald ſince he was the ſunne of Ioue and Appollo, borne of their ſeede encloſed in a Bulls hide, which abhorreth not from Philoſophie (according to Poets intentions) that one ſonne ſhould haue two fathers. for in the generation of elements it is true, ſince *omnia ſint in omnibus*. He offering violence, was ſtong of a Scorpion to death, for which: the Scorpions figure was made a ſigne in heauen, as Nicander in *Theriacis* affirmes.

Grandine ſignatum Titanis at inde puella,
Scorpion immiſit qui cuſpide ſurgat acuta:
Bacto vt meditata necem fuit Orioni,
Impuris auſus manibus quia prendere peplum:

Ille Dea eſt Salium, peruſſit Scorpius illi,
Sub parua laude occultum veſtigia propter.

23 *Alpheus* taken with the loue of Cynthia, not anſwered with many repulſes, purſued her to her companie of virgins, who mocking him, caſt mire in his face, and draue him away. Some affirme him to be a flood, ſome the ſonne of *Parthenia*, ſome the waggoner of Pelops, &c.

24 *Lucifera* is her title, and *Ignifera*: giuen by *Euripides*, in *Iphigenia in Taurid.*

25 The hewtie of the mindle being ſignified in *Ganemede*, but here by *Proſopopœia*, giues a mans ſhape vnto it.

26 *Pauſanias* in *Eliacis*, affirmes it: others that ſhe had but three, *vid. Paean*, which Homer cals the Gods Phiſitiō, *Epeus*, and *Aetolus*, &c. *Cicero* ſaith ſhe had none, but onely for his loue to the ſtudie of Aſtrologie, gaue him chaſt kiſſes.

27 Her temple in *Epheſus* was cald her virgin chamber.

28 All theſe are proper to her as ſhe is *Hecate*.

Explicit Coment.

FINIS.